

Bloomfield Gazette.

WM. P. LYON, A. M.,
CHAS. M. DAVIS, A. M., } Editors.

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

FORTNIGHTLY.

Vol. I. No. 4.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

FIVE CENTS.

FINANCIAL.



American Trust Company, OF NEW JERSEY.

Subject at all times to the Supervision of the Supreme Court.
OFFICE, No. 735 BROAD ST., NEWARK.
Paid-up Capital, \$250,000.

Allows four per cent. per annum interest on
Deposits, from date of deposit to date of withdrawal,
subject to Draft at sight. Interest
credited in account Monthly.

Receives Special Deposits for specified times
on liberal rates of interest.

Issues Certificates of Deposit with or without
interest, for use as Remittances or Investments.

IS AUTHORIZED
To Execute Trusts of every description from
Courts, Corporations and Individuals.

To Take Charge of and Manage Real or Personal
Estate; Collect Coupons or Interest, Remitting
or Crediting the same on account as may be desired.

To Receive for Safe Keeping, Bullion, Plate, and
Valuables of all kinds.

To Guarantee the Payment of all kinds of Evidence
of Debt, and to Purchase the same.

JOHN McCREGOR, President.
NATHANIEL NILES, Vice President.
Wm. P. LYON, Treasurer.

111 JOHN CHAMBERS, Secretary.

REPUBLIC TRUST COMPANY,
812 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Interest allowed on Deposits of any amount, for
short or long terms. All Deposits payable on
demand.

Individuals, firms or corporations may open
accounts with this Company same as with Bank.
All deposits subject to check at sight, with the advantage
of accumulation of interest on daily balances.

Will accept Trusts of every description: act in
capacity of Executor, Trustee, Guardian, Treasurer,
etc., etc.

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Marcus Sayre, Isaac J. Everett,
Thos. N. McCarter, B. Janssen,
D. M. Wilson, Robert F. Ballantine,
F. A. Travis, Moses Bigelow,
Geo. W. Smith, Wm. Rockwell,
David Campbell, John C. Johnson,
Edwin G. Hart, John L. Gunther.

James B. Boylan, D. M. WILSON, Pres't.
Wm. Rockwell, Sec'y.

BLOOMFIELD
SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
Liberty St., near Broad Avenue.

This Institution has always paid to Depositors
Interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.
All moneys deposited on or before the 1st of October,
will draw interest from that date.

T. C. DODD, Treas'r. W. S. BALDWIN, Pres't.
Sep 12

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty St., near Broad Avenue,
BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings,
Barns, Stores and other country property, on terms
more favorable than any other Company. It has no
city risks, and is therefore liable to no great disaster
like the Chicago fire. Z. B. DODD, President.

Thos. C. DODD, Sec'y. Sep 12

People's Savings Institution.

This Popular Institution located in
RHODES' BUILDING,

within a few doors of the Morris and Essex Depot
at NEWARK, continues to pay Interest on Deposits,
at the rate of Seven (7) per cent. per annum.
It being an "Up Town" Institution, it is
largely patronized by "Up Town" people as
well as those from the Township near by. Patronage
Solicited.

H. M. RHODES, President,
JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas.

INSURE IN THE
HUMBOLDT (MUTUAL) INSURANCE
COMPANY,

Assets over \$150,000.
Office, 753 BROAD ST.,
Essex Co. Nat. Bk. Bldg. NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage
by Fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise,
at favorable rates, either on the Mutual
or non-participating plans.

OFFICERS:
ELMER F. HIGGINS, Sec'y. GEORGE BROWN, Pres't.
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NEWARK SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
Nos. 800, 802 and 804 Broad St.,
Corner of Mechanic St., Newark, N. J.

The Oldest Savings Bank in the State.
Open daily from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

Deposits made on or before October 1, 1872, draw
interest from that date.

Safe Deposit Vaults for safe keeping of
Bonds and Valuables at low rates. Coupons, etc.,
collected without charge.

DANIEL DODD, President,
WM. D. CARTER, Treasurer.

Bloomfield Gazette.

Subscriptions for 6 months, 50 cts. in advance,
may be made at Bloomfield P. O., and at Depot
Ticket Office. The Gazette will be for sale in
Bloomfield at Gilbert's News Room, at the Depot,
and on the Cars. Also at Cadmus' Stationery
Store, and in Montclair, at Irving's News Room.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 inch: 1 time, 3 times, 6 times, 12 times.
2 " 1.75 4.50 8.00 15.00
3 " 2.50 7.50 12.00 22.00
4 " 3.00 9.00 15.00 25.00
5 " 3.50 10.50 17.50 27.50

All Advertisements to be paid in advance.
No charge for the Gazette to six months' advertisers.

A Story of Western Emigration, from
actual experience.

(Written for the Gazette by a Bloomfielder.)
FIRST STAGE.

The home of my childhood stood on the
bank of a small river in a pleasant town of
New England, in the early part of the present
century. Though more than fifty years
have passed since I left it, I still retain a
vivid mental view of many interesting occurrences
during that period. When I read
Mrs. Stowe's description of a "Puritan Sabbath,"
and of her "Old-town Folks," my whole nature
was thrilled. It came home to me. It was something I knew about. I
have kept hundreds of Puritan Sabbaths,
commencing with the first three visible stars
on Saturday night, and ending with the same
on Sunday evening. If I had had the
advantages of the Beecher family, I
might write a story too. One on "Early
New England School Teaching," and another,
on "Going to Meeting in Vermont." But
waiving these and kindred topics, I will
venture a brief history of our emigration to the West.

My father owned one of the best mill-
seats in the town of P—, attached to which
were twenty acres of good land, divided into
wood-land, meadow, pasture, orchard and
garden. On this he built a comfortable
house and a three-story saw and grist mill,
including also a small trunk factory. He
always had a good share of patronage, but
when the neighboring mills were idle for
want of water, teams from all quarters would
flock in with loads of grain. Those who
came first would wait till their grists were
ground. This furnished fine opportunities
for gossip, if men ever do that sort of thing.
They talked of Bonaparte, home politics, the
crops, and discussed their horses, and some-
times exchanged them in the mill-yard.
Others would leave their bags and come again.
At such times the low rumbling of
the mill-stones could be heard at all hours
of the night.

It was in the year 1816 that the spirit of
emigration stirred the people of our neigh-
borhood, and now, that was the principal
topic at the mill.

My father was a very credulous man. He
believed people meant what they said. If
he was buying a horse, he believed the jockey
wished to do him a favor and give him a
great bargain; or a cow, he knew she was
of a superior breed, and gave an enormous
quantity of milk, because the owner told him
so, though she looked like anything else;
but when the money was counted out and
the men gone, he had time to discover that
the horse had but one eye, and the cow was
just what she looked to be.

The farmers, who at this period came to
the mill, were greatly interested and excited
on the subject of going out to the "glorious
West"—to the Ohio, or to "Pleasant Michi-
gan." Those States seemed then more dis-
tant and uncultivated than Nebraska does
now. One or two families had been insane
enough to leave their homes at a great
sacrifice, and make the experiment of the
"New Country." These, on the principle
of misery loving company, wrote back glow-
ing accounts of the soil, its productions, and
the facilities of labor, while their wives were
weeping in miserable log huts in the woods.
One man, more cautious than his infatuated
neighbors, went himself alone to view the
good land, before parting with his farm.
When he returned, he corroborated all that
had been written, and told a great deal

more. He came to our house and used all
his influence to unsettle my father's mind,
and induce him to "sell out and go West."

"Why," said he, "them big boys o' yours
can work a large farm out in Ohio. Yes,
one on 'em can do it; a boy fourteen year
old out there's as good as a man here. Why,
a man in Ohio without an inch of land is
better off than he is here with a farm. The
corn grows so high there that they have to
ride on horseback to pick it! You don't
have to keep hogs an' fowls; there's plenty
on 'em runnin' wild in the woods. Jest take
your gun on your shoulder an' go out an'
shute as many as you want; an' you don't
have to buy any sweetenin', there's plenty
of wild honey, an' custard apples to make
pies on." This information was grateful to
my father, nay, it was intoxicating. He had
the two boys who were to make him rich.
His mind was so possessed and influenced
by what he heard, that mills, farm, trunk
factory and blacksmith's shop, which had
been added, all dwindled into insignificance.
They had lost their value. He never could
be contented till he had realized these new
dreams. He would sell out and go to the
"land flowing with milk and honey."

My mother was less credulous and more
discreet. She could not see the wisdom of
relinquishing a certain support and home
comforts for positive hardships, uncertain
supplies, and possible poverty. To her it
seemed a formidable undertaking to move a
family of ten children, the youngest but
three months old, in mid-winter, over the
snows of New York and Pennsylvania. She
remonstrated. She feared to let go the bird
in the hand, lest she would never get the
two in the bush. But arguments and en-
treachments were alike in vain. My father's con-
victions were strong—his faith unwavering.
(If he had had such faith in Christ, he
would have been a new creature, and sure
of heaven.) The heavily timbered woods,
the waving fields, the rich pastures, the
scampering hogs and flocks of turkeys, were
all realities to him. He knew they existed,
and it was for him to go and take posses-
sion.

Those were not the days of "Woman's
Rights!" My mother promised at her mar-
riage to obey her husband, and here was a
crisis when her will must yield to his. Our
place was offered for sale. Property was so
depreciated by the panic people were in,
that nothing like its real value was expected.
His object was not to get a great price, but
to sell and go. If he could get sufficient to
pay the small encumbrance on the mill, a
few other small debts, and have enough for
traveling expenses, and perhaps a few dol-
lars to fall back upon if things should not
come up square to our expectations, that
was all he looked for. Soon a Quaker gen-
tleman came to examine the premises, and
finally offered \$— in cash. What a sum
for a poor man to have in his hand all at
once!—and the glorious prospects of the
West rose up before him in all their splendor.
Debts paid, and money sufficient to convey
us comfortably away from the bleak Green
Mountain winds and the dreary Vermont
snows, to the genial climate and productive
soil of beautiful Ohio; this was enough!
He did not wait for a second nibble at the
hook, but drew in the prize with a spas-
modic jerk. My mother, seeing that the
enterprise was inevitable, regretfully, pray-
fully, tearfully, submissively, summoned all
her energy and ingenuity to the task of fit-
ting out the family for the fearful adventure.
All was commotion at the mill and in the
house. When and how we were to go, were
questions of intense interest. Our eldest
advisers judged it of great importance to go
in the Winter in order to begin farming
early in the Spring.

The first of February was at length de-
cided upon. Next the mode of travel. It
was good sleighing there, and was likely to
be for six weeks to come, but the men at the
mill said that in going West we would come
to bare ground in a few days, and we had
better begin as we could end it on wheels.
Alas, for our ignorance and blindness! The
weather was very cold, and several of the
children small; so a close carriage was
necessary. Accordingly, my father bought
a stage-coach and pair of iron gray horses,
for the special comfort of my mother and
the younger children, with personal baggage.
For beds, provisions, and other large articles,
another horse and wagon was purchased.

The custom then was for emigrants to
carry their own provisions and beds, to stop
at a tavern, (no hotels on the emigrant
route, except in large towns,) call for a large

room with a fire, prepare their own meals,
and make their own beds upon the floor.

About two months were occupied in pre-
paring for the journey. In making almost
numberless warm garments for the family,
and in deciding what to take with us, what
to give away, and what to sell—how my
mother maintained her equanimity, or even
kept her wits, I cannot see. The general
upsetting of things, the daily-recurring de-
mands of a large, old-fashioned family, (no
one-child families then!) the exaggerated,
extravagant representations of father, which
served not to convince, but to confuse
mother; the endless questions and chatter
of the little ones, while all the time she was
calculating, contriving and executing against
her convictions and inclination, all the pre-
parations for a long, tedious journey, were
enough to craze any but a strong, well-
balanced mind like my mother's.

As dry goods were said to be very dear at
the West, stores were laid in for winter and
summer wear, sufficient, it was thought, to
last two years.

The time now drew near for leaving all
that was tangible, certain and dear, for an
unreal, visionary something, somewhere.
Most of our furniture was disposed of at
private sale. The last days were spent in
washing, cooking, and all sorts of unname-
able last things. Our dear old aunts,
cousins and neighbors came to assist in
finishing up matters, and to receive each
some memento of affection; and now a large
batch of bread, a capacious bag of dough-
nuts, and an "unknown quantity" of baked
pork and beans, with cake, cheese, tea, cho-
colate, sugar, (till one got to the wild honey,
etc., etc., were put into the provision chest.
Trunks were packed and locked; beds tied
up in strong wrappers; vehicles before the
door. Nothing now remained but to ex-
change blessings and kisses, and mingle our
tears with those of the dear ones whose
faces we were now beholding for the last
time on earth, and we were stowed away in
our warm coach with foot-stoves filled with
glowing hickory coals at our feet. My
mother and eldest sister, with the two
youngest children nestled under their cloaks,
occupied the back seat, the rest of us on the
middle seats, and on the front one my
father and one of the large boys sat to drive
by turns. My other large brother drove the
one-horse wagon, changing at intervals with
the one in the coach.

We children, while warm and comfortable
by a great hickory fire, were in great glee
at the idea of moving—of riding so far in a
carriage. We had never seen much of the
world; and now, we expected to see nearly
the whole of it. Like Watts' little mouse,
who, born and bred in an old chest, one day
scrambled up to the top, and looking round,
exclaimed, "I didn't think the world was so
big." Our expressions of joy, however, were
soon exchanged for complaints of the cold.
The babe became impatient of confinement
and bundling, and we were obliged to stop
three or four times a day to get warm and
to replenish the foot-stoves. When we
stopped at night, my father and the large
boys, his future farmers, took care of the
horses, who were jaded out, making twenty
miles with a heavy load on wheels, over
snow. Meantime, my mother prepared an
abundant and appetizing supper, while the
eldest sisters laid off the little ones' traveling
clothes, and rubbed and warmed their be-
numbed hands and feet. After supper the
beds were made, and we all found tempo-
rary relief in sleep.

Instead of finding less snow as we ad-
vanced, it became deeper and deeper. It
snowed one whole day, which caused the
wheels to move heavily. The horses, which
were stout and strong, could only walk, and
finally we came upon drifts they could not
pass. Father and the boys walked at the
lower side giving what assistance they could.
At last something gave way, and we stood
at a dead halt, a quarter of a mile from any
house, and two miles from a tavern. This
was a dilemma. Here were the sanguine
emigrants, going through the State of New
York, on wheels in the depth of winter, in a
broken-down conveyance, and stuck fast in
a snow-drift. While my parents were de-
liberating what to do, a man in a two-horse
sleigh came along and kindly carried a num-
ber of the children to the next tavern. My
father borrowed tools at the adjacent house
with which to repair the coach, and by night
we were all at the public house, and in our
own room.—Concluded in our next.

The Ocean Telegraph.

The public may not be aware of the
length of time taken to transmit intelli-
gence across the Atlantic ocean; and if
there is one thing more surprising than
the fact that it is possible to communicate
at all with Europe under the waters
of the ocean, it is the celerity with which
that business is performed. The actual
time averaged upon messages exchanged
between New York and London is 18
minutes 59½ seconds.

A curious assumption soon revealed
to these practised mountaineers the true
state of the case, and also suggested to
them what should be done. Two were to

room with a fire, prepare their own meals,
and make their own beds upon the floor.

Montclair as it is.

MONTCLAIR and progress seem almost
synonymous, and for fear our Bloomfield
neighbors may not be aware of what we are
doing, we desire a little space in your valu-
able paper, to give a short account of our-
selves and our acts. Our public school,
which first claims our attention, we are
justly proud of, as an institution that ranks
among the first of its kind in our county,
and we think in our State. It has added
much to the value of our property; and the
course of discipline and mode of instruction
pursued by Mr. Gross and his assistants has
won not only the approbation of the parents
but also the confidence of the pupils.

The Montclair Library, instituted through
the enterprise of a few of our citizens, has
supplied a want that has been much felt.
But with its tasty building, already well-
filled shelves, and efficient librarians, it has
become one of the institutions of our village.
Many of our citizens have sent to the
library valuable contributions of books.

The widening and Macadamizing of
Bloomfield Avenue has necessitated the
removal of many buildings along our prin-
cipal thoroughfare, which have long been a
bane. The property owners with commend-
able energy and foresight, are preparing to
erect edifices which will be a pride to our
village. Mr. Morris, who has kept the
Wagon Hospital for many years, is clearing
away the rubbish and preparing to make his
site, as it should be, the most attractive,
as it is the most prominent locality of our
village.

The era of dirt roads, we trust, has
past away, and with our abundance of material
we hope we shall have nothing but hard roads
in the future. The Road Board have set
us an example worthy of imitation. The
work upon the tunnel through the mountain
is greater in extent than our friends probably
imagine. McArthur & Co., the contractors,
have bored into the mountain over 600 feet.
They hope in about two years to see day-
light upon the other side. A visit would
well repay the trouble taken; every courtesy
and attention would be shown the visitor
by Mr. McArthur.

Our Montclair Midland Railroad is in a
state of progress, and will probably run, as
Pat says, "thirty days after convenience."
The Railroad Company is preparing to erect
a handsome depot at Chestnut Street, and
Ed. P. Clark, Esq., of Watchung, is work-
ing hard to construct, through the aid of
the Railroad Company and citizens of Watch-
ung, a Gothic iron depot at the station,
upon his property.

Building with us is very active, there
being over sixty dwellings, worth from ten
to fifty thousand dollars, in process of con-
struction.

In regard to politics, we are divided; but
the writer can assure the patriotic citizens
of B—, that Montclair will give a rous-
ing majority for the right side, in November.

Mr. Editor, we have given you a very
hasty and incomplete sketch of Montclair as
it is. We should be happy, in some future
issue of your paper, to portray Montclair
as it has been, and Montclair as it will be.

Z. O. C.

"To Bloomfield Capitalists."

A COMMUNICATION under the above caption
in our last number, has attracted, as it de-
served, considerable attention. Another
article on the same subject has been handed
in, but is rather too long for the space we
can devote to it. We like the suggestion of
the writer, however, that a still lower priced
style of houses is called for than was ad-
vocated by the former writer. He argues that
\$500 rent is quite beyond the ability of a
numerous class of clerks and others that
would make very desirable citizens and
neighbors. This is no doubt true, and we
earnestly concur in the hope that some of
our enterprising men of means will rival
Mr. Peel's most commendable undertaking,
and carry out the suggestions of our cor-
respondent, Joseph, building "small, com-
fortable houses, plain but neat, with from
four to seven fair sized rooms, which could
be rented for \$150 to \$300 each house, and
yield a satisfactory interest upon the invest-
ment." "Let them be of different sizes,
and the lots 50 by 150 feet."

Again we commend this plan warmly.
Who will undertake it, with Mr. Peel's
promptitude? Mr. Peel had hardly an-
nounced his purpose when, *mirabile dictu*,
we find men at work in a half dozen dif-
ferent places, and his houses already making
their appearance above ground in various
stages of advancement! He deserves the
heartiest thanks of his fellow-townsmen, and
we trust, realize a good return for his
investment.

Is the march of life, don't heed the or-
deal of "right about," when you know you
are about right.—Holmes.

pass with Colorado, or for that matter,
with any Western territory. The mean
height of the Alps is from 8,000 to 9,000
feet above the sea. The mean height of

the Rocky Mountains is from 10,000 to
12,000 feet. This is the mean height of
the immense continental sweep of the
Cordillera de la Sierra Madre. It is prob-
able that the average height in Colorado,
which is the table-land of the continent,
will approach very nearly to 12,000 feet.

The Great Beauty of Japanese Scenery.

My first sight of Japan was from the
deck of the steamer Great Republic, as we
sailed up the Bay of Yokohama. The as-
pect of the country at once charmed us,
and this spell never for a moment lost its
power, but rather increased in joy, and
now remains a vision, fair and beautiful in
the mind forever.

The mountain-tops were somewhat bare,
but embosomed in the numerous cliffs
were woods and temples; and farther
down, peaks and crags of every variety,
all covered with luxuriant vegetation. Far
in the distance, Fujiyama appeared—a
strange sight—a mighty cone, its four
thousand feet high, with its apex above
the clouds, covered with snow down to a
clear, well-defined line, where there was
a dark belt, and then the body of the
mountain disappeared; so that the whole
thing looked like a white triangle resting
in the firmament, or like some great white
triangular guardian deity, silently, solemn-
ly, but conspicuously watching over the
scene.

Our sail through the inland sea was
positively absorbing; headland after head-
land, islands of all sizes and of every de-
scription of contour, situated in all direc-
tions, and then the perpetual recurrence of
village after village, Daimio's residences,
and all the diversity of hill and dale, high
cultivation, and the richness of nature,
absolutely chained us to the deck. I have
never seen any scenery to match it. The
Strait of Anjer, between Java and Sumatra,
the Gilead passage, the Straits of
Singapore, and many others I have sailed
through are not for a moment to be com-
pared to it. The harbor of Yokohama may
be said to crown the whole. The entrance
on a fine evening is like fairy-land. I
have seen no port in the East equal to it
for beauty.—Rev. Dr. Williamson.

An Important Occasion.

The Evangelical Alliance will hold its
next session (1873) in New York. It was
to have been held there, but the Franco-Prussian
war made its postponement necessary, in order to accommodate
the German and French members.

Dr. Schaff has been making arrange-
ments with representative Protestant men
of Europe to be present, and it is believed
that the session will bring together a greater
array of European religious notabilities
than has ever been seen in our country,
including not a few who are dear to Ameri-
can theologians and scholars.

While it will thus afford special interest
to our own countrymen, it will probably
be still more interesting to the foreign
delegates themselves. They will witness
the peculiar development of religious and
political life going on here, so unlike any-
thing in most of Europe, and so problemat-
ic to European thought, especially to
religious thinkers. They will find that "the
voluntary principle" keeps up an energetic,
popular, religious spirit here, which is un-
known within the European State churches.
They will learn that the voluntary lib-
erty of the people gives better maintenance
to the clergy than their own national estab-
lishments afford, and that the foreign prop-
rietary of the common faith, by missions,
is more zealously maintained by our peo-
ple than by any other—England, perhaps,
alone excepted.

The rapidity of intercommunication
throughout the land will afford these
guests the means of seeing, somewhat, the
magnitude of the great territorial heritage
which God has given us, and we hope that
the New York committee will make thor-
ough preparations for their cheap, or
gratuitous, conveyance over the country,
even across the continent to the Pacific. It
will be an impressive fact for these Eu-
ropean scholars and Christians to discover
here a land several millions of square miles
larger than all Europe, under one govern-
ment, one flag, with one language, and
pre-eminently Protestant in its religion.
They will return to their homes with deep-
ened interest for us, and better hopes for
religion and liberty throughout the world.
—Exchange.

False Eyes.

A FRENCH paper gives a detailed account
of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris,
from which the curious fact appears that
the average sale per week of eyes intended
for the human head amounts to 400. One
of the leading dealers in this article carries
on the business in a saloon of great mag-
nificence. His servant has but one eye,
and the effect of any of the eyes wanted
by customers is conveniently tried in this
servant's head, so that the customer can
judge very readily as to the appearance it
will produce in his own head. The charge
is about \$10 per eye. For the poor, there
are second-hand false organs which have
been worn for a time, and resold, and for
new ones; they are sold at reduced prices,
and quantities are sent off to India and the
Sandwich Islands.

Climate of San Francisco.

It is hot enough and changeable enough
in the interior, but San Francisco seems
to have a climate exclusively its own.
What would not this poor creature feel
blasted New Yorkers have given in Aug-
ust for a few days of such weather as they
had here all the time, at a temperature of
sixty-five to sixty-eight! Light showers
are in almost daily demand. There are
worn almost the year round by some la-
dies, and not much more in February than
in August. Umbrellas are not needed
from April to October, and in New York or Bos-
ton every one would predict rain, but not
so here. And when the rain comes, it is
between October and April, it is not with
violence—no lightning, no thunder, no
torment—only frequent showers.

That is the rising of the mountain
to come to the Bay of Yokohama. The mean
height of the Alps is from 8,000 to 9,000
feet above the sea. The mean height of

the Rocky Mountains is from 10,000 to
12,000 feet. This is the mean height of
the immense continental sweep of the
Cordillera de la Sierra Madre. It is prob-
able that the average height in Colorado,
which is the table-land of the continent,
will approach very nearly to 12,000 feet.

The Great Beauty of Japanese Scenery.

My first sight of Japan was from the
deck of the steamer Great Republic, as we
sailed up the Bay of Yokohama. The as-
pect of the country at once charmed us,
and this spell never for a moment lost its
power, but rather increased in joy, and
now remains a vision, fair and beautiful in
the mind forever.

The mountain-tops were somewhat bare,
but embosomed in the numerous cliffs
were woods and temples; and farther
down, peaks and crags of every variety,
all covered with luxuriant vegetation. Far
in the distance, Fujiyama appeared—a
strange sight—a mighty cone, its four
thousand feet high, with its apex above
the clouds, covered with snow down to a
clear, well-defined line, where there was
a dark belt, and then the body of the
mountain disappeared; so that the whole
thing looked like a white triangle resting
in the firmament, or like some great white
triangular guardian deity, silently, solemn-
ly, but conspicuously watching over the
scene.

Our sail through the inland sea was
positively absorbing; headland after head-
land, islands of all sizes and of every de-
scription of contour, situated in all direc-
tions, and then the perpetual recurrence of
village after village, Daimio's residences,
and all the diversity of hill and dale, high
cultivation, and the richness of nature,
absolutely chained us to the deck. I have
never seen any scenery to match it. The
Strait of Anjer, between Java and Sumatra,
the Gilead passage, the Straits of
Singapore, and many others I have sailed
through are not for a moment to be com-
pared to it. The harbor of Yokohama may
be said to crown the whole. The entrance
on a fine evening is like fairy-land. I
have seen no port in the East equal to it
for beauty.—Rev. Dr. Williamson.

An Important Occasion.

The Evangelical Alliance will hold its
next session (1873) in New York. It was
to have been held there, but the Franco-Prussian
war made its postponement necessary, in order to accommodate
the German and French members.

Dr. Schaff has been making arrange-
ments with representative Protestant men
of Europe to be present, and it is believed
that the session will bring together a greater
array of European religious notabilities
than has ever been seen in our country,
including not a few who are dear to Ameri-
can theologians and scholars.

While it will thus afford special interest
to our own countrymen, it will probably
be still more interesting to the foreign
delegates themselves. They will witness
the peculiar development of